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GENERAL M'CLELLAN'S DREAM.

This production made its appearance some months ago, and is narrated by Wesley Bradshaw, Esq. We are unable to vouch for the truthfulness of its claim, yet the course pursued by our gallant Commander-in-Chief since his assumption of the control of the Army of the Potomac is the best argument for its truthfulness. There seems to be something supernatural almost in the combined vigor and discretion which has characterized all his movements thus far, and now while flags are flaunting, cannon booming and bells ringing in celebration of the glorious victories of the past week, let us all breathe in new confidence in the Power that sends us through the fire but to temper us and make us, in the future, stronger as a nation and wiser as a people.

The Publishers.

Two o'clock of the third night after General McClellan's arrival in Washington to take command of the United States army, found that justly celebrated soldier poring over several maps and reports of scouts. As the hour came tolling through the night, together with the dull rumbling of army wagons and artillery wheels, the wearied hero, pushing from his maps and reports, leaned his forehead on his folded arms upon the table before him, and fell into a sleep, so deep that even the occasional booming of the heavy guns, being placed in position on the intrenchments, was insufficient to disturb it.

"I could not have been slumbering thus more than ten minutes," said the General to an intimate friend, to whom he related the strange narrative, "when I thought the door of my room, which I had carefully locked, was thrown suddenly open, and some one strode to me, and, laying a hand upon my shoulder, said, in a slow, solemn voice:

"General McClellan, do you sleep at your post? Rouse you, or ere it can be prevented, the foe will be in Washington!"

Never before in my life have I heard a voice possessing the commanding and even terrible tone of the one that addressed to me these words. And the sensation that passed through me, as it fell upon my ears, and I coweringly shrunk into myself at the thought of my own negligence, I can only compare to the whistling, shrinking sweep of a storm of grape shot, discharged directly through my brain. I could not move, however, although I tried hard to raise my head from the table. As a sense of

my willingness, and yet helplessness to make an answer to the unknown intruder, oppressed me, I once more heard the same slow, solemn voice repeat:

“General McClellan, do you sleep at your post?”

There was a peculiarity about it this time; it seemed as though I—a mere atom of water—was suspended in the centre of an infinite space, and that the voice came from a hollow distance all around me. As the last word was uttered, I regained by some felt and yet unknown power, my volition, and with the change, the grape shot discharge sensation in my brain ceased, and a strange but new one seized my heart, one as if a huge, rough icicle was being sawed back and forth through and through me.

I started up, or rather I should say I thought I started up, for whether I was awake or asleep, I am unable to decide. My first thought was about my maps, and before my eyelids had half opened, my hand was grasping them. But this was all. The table was still before me, and the maps all crumpled in my tightening clutch, were still before me, but everything else had disappeared. The furniture was gone, the walls of the apartment were gone, the ceiling was not to be seen. All I saw was the tableau I am about to describe to you.

My gaze was turned Southward, and there, spread out before me, was a living map; yes, a living map; that is the only expression I can think of as befitting the scene. In one grand *coup d' œil*, my eye took in the whole expanse of country, as far South as the Gulf of Mexico, and from the Atlantic Ocean on the East, to the Mississippi river westwardly.

Before fully fixing my attention upon the immense scene, however, I thought of the mysterious visitant, whose voice I had heard but a moment previous, and I looked toward him. An apparition stood on my left somewhat in front, at a distance of about six feet from me. I sought for his features, hoping to recognize him. But I was disappointed, for the statue like figure was naught but a vapor, a cloud, having only the general outlines of a man. This troubled me, and I was turning the matter over in my mind, when the shadowy visitor, in the same slow, solemn tone as before, said:

“General McClellan, your time is short! Look to the Southward;”

I felt unable to resist the command, even had I wished to do so, and again, therefore, my eyes were cast on the living map.

Out on the Atlantic I saw the various vessels of the blockading squadron looming up with the most perfect distinctness in the bright moonshine, that illuminated everything with a strong, but mellow

light. I saw Charleston harbor, and its forts, with their pacing sentinels, and their sullen-looking barbette guns. My eyes followed the ocean line all the way round into the Gulf, to New Orleans, and thence up the Mississippi. Fort Pickens, and in fact, every fortification along this water boundary, I beheld with as much distinctness as you, sir, see that Corporal's guard passing there.

This sight filled me with delightful surprise; but it would be utterly impossible for me to describe the ecstatic amazement that followed, as within the limits I mention, my eyes took in, in minute, but lightning-like detail, every mountain range, every hill, every valley, every forest, every meadow, every river, every city, every camp, every tent, every body of men, every sentinel, every earthwork, every cannon, and I may say, dispensing with further detail, every living and every dead thing, no matter what its bulk or height.

My blood seemed to stop in its channels, with joy, as I thought that the knowledge, and thereby advantage, thus given to me, would insure a speedy and happy termination of the war. And this one idea was engrossing my mind, when once more, that slow, solemn voice, said:

'General McClellan, take your map, and note what you behold. Tarry not; your time is short.'

I started, and glancing at the unearthly speaker, saw him extend his arm and point southwardly.

Still I saw no features. Smoothing out the largest and most accurate one of my maps, I seized a pencil, and once more bent my gaze out over the living map. As I looked this time, a cold, thrilling chill ran over me, and the huge, rough icicle again began its sawing motion through my heart. For, as pencil in hand, I compared the map before me with the living map, I saw masses of the enemy's forces being hurried to certain points so as to thwart movements that, within a day or two, I intended to make at those identical points; while on two particular approaches to Washington I beheld heavy columns of the foe posted for a concentrated attack, that I instantly saw must succeed in its object unless speedily prevented.

'Treachery! treachery!' cried I in despair. And, as before my blood seemed to stop in its channels for joy, it now did so for fear. Ruin and defeat seemed to stare me in the face. At this dreadful moment, that same slow, solemn voice struck once more upon my ears, saying:

'General McClellan, you have been betrayed! and, had not God willed otherwise, ere the sun of to-morrow had set, the Confederate flag would have floated above the Capital and your own grave. But note what you see. Your time is short. Tarry not!'

Ere the words had left the lips of my vapory mentor, my pencil was flying with the speed of thought, transferring to the map before me all that I saw upon the living map. Some mysterious and unearthly influence was upon me, and noted and recorded the minutest point I beheld without the slightest effort, delay, or mistake. At last the task was done, and my pencil dropped from my fingers.

For a while previous to this, however, I had become conscious that there was a shining of light on my left, that steadily increased until the moment I ceased my task, when it became in an instant more intense than the noon-day sun. Quickly I raised my eyes, and never, were I to live forever, will I forget what I saw. The dim, shadowy figure was no longer a dim, shadowy figure, but the glorified and refulgent spirit of Washington, the Father of his country, and now a second time its saviour. My friend, it would be utterly useless for me to attempt to describe the mighty returned spirit. I can only say that Washington, as I beheld him in my dream, or trance, as you may choose to term it, was the most God-like being I could have conceived of. Like a weak, dazzled bird, I sat gazing at the heavenly vision. From the sweet and silent repose of Mount Vernon, our Washington had risen to once more encircle and raise up, with his saving arm, our fallen, bleeding country. As I continued looking, an expression of sublime benignity came gently upon his visage, and, for the last time, I heard that slow and solemn voice, saying to me something like this:

'General McClellan, while yet in the flesh, I beheld the birth of the American Republic. It was, indeed, a hard and bloody one, but God's blessing was upon the nation, and, therefore, through this her first great struggle for existence, he sustained her, and with His mighty hand brought her out triumphantly. A century has not passed since then, and yet the child Republic has taken her position a peer with nations whose page of history extends for ages into the past. She has, since those dark days, by the favor of God, greatly prospered. And now, by very reason of this prosperity has she been brought to her second great struggle. This is by far the most perilous ordeal she has to endure. Passing, as she is, from childhood to opening maturity, she is called on to accomplish that vast result, self-conquest, to learn that important lesson, self-control, self-rule, that in the future will place her in the van of power and civilization. It is here that all nations have hitherto failed; and she, too, the Republic of the earth, had not God willed otherwise, would, by to-morrow's sunset, have been a broken heap of stones cast up over the final grave of human liberty.

But her cries have come out of her borders like sweet incense unto heaven, and she will be saved. Thus shall peace, once more, come upon her, and prosperity fill her with joy. But her mission will not then be yet finished, for, ere another century shall have gone by, the oppressors of the whole earth, hating and envying her exaltation, shall join themselves together and raise up their hands against her. But if she still be found worthy of her high calling, they shall surely be discomfitted, and then will be ended her third and last great struggle for existence!

Thenceforth shall the Republic go on, increasing in goodness and power, until her borders shall end only in the remotest corners of the earth, and the whole earth shall, beneath her shadowing wings, become a Universal Republic. Let her in her prosperity, however, remember the Lord her God; her trust be always in Him, and she shall never be confounded.

The heavenly visitant ceased speaking, and as I still continued gazing upon him, drew near to me, and raised and spread out his hands above me. No sound now passed his lips, but I felt a strange influence coming over me. I reclined my head forward to receive the blessing, the baptism of Washington. The following instant a peal of thunder rolled in upon my ears, and I awoke. The vision had departed, and I was again sitting in my apartment, with everything exactly as it was before I fell asleep, with one exception.

The map on which I dreamed I had been marking was literally covered with a network of pencil marks, signs and figures. I rose to my feet, and rubbed my eyes, and took a turn or two about the room to convince myself that I was really awake. I again seated myself, but the pencillings were as plain as ever, and I had before me as complete a map and repository of information as though I had spent years in gathering and recording its details. My mind now became confused with the strange and numberless ideas that crowded themselves into it, and I involuntarily sank down on my knees to seek wisdom and guidance from on high. As I arose, refreshed in spirit, that same solemn voice seemed to say to me from an infinite distance:

'Your time is short! Tarry not!'

In an instant, thought became clear and active. Hastening out couriers, with orders to have executed certain manœuvres at certain points, (guiding myself by that, now, in my eyes, unearthly map,) I threw myself into the saddle, and long ere daylight, galloping like the tempest from post to post and camp to camp, had the happiness to divert the enemy from his object, which, my friend, I assure, would have proved entirely successful, by reason of the last piece of treachery, had not Heaven interposed.

That map is looked upon by no human eye, save my own, and therefore treachery can do us no harm. I have on it every whit of information that I need—information that the enemy would give millions to keep from us. The fate of the war is settled.

The rebellion truly seems very formidable, but is only struggling in the path of an avalanche. The mighty, toppling mass of national power and retribution will until the proper moment comes, now and then let slip down upon its victim forerunners of its approach. But when the proper moment

does come, it will sweep down upon and forever annihilate disunion, with a thunder that shall reverberate throughout the world for ages upon ages to come.

Sir, there will be no more Bull Run affairs.

God has stretched forth his arms, and the American Union is saved! And our beloved, glorious Washington shall again rest quietly, sweetly in his tomb, until perhaps the end of the prophetic century approaches that is to bring the Republic to her third and final struggle, when he may once more, laying aside the ceremonies of Mount Vernon, come a messenger of succor and peace from the Great Ruler, who has all the nations of the earth in his keeping.

But the future is too vast for our comprehension; we are the children of the present.

When peace shall again have folded her bright wings and settled upon our land, that strange, unearthly, wonderful map, marked while the spirit eyes of Washington looked on, shall be preserved among American archives, as a precious reminder to the American nation, of what, in their second great struggle for existence, they owed to God and the Glorified Spirit of Washington.

Verily, the works of God are above the understanding of man."